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BLIND LOVE.

An intensely Interesting Story by the Great Master of Fiction,

WILKIE COLLINS,

will be published in the "Sunday World" as a Serial, beginning June 30.

"The World" has secured the exclusive rights to this new romance for North America. Newspapers desiring to share with us in the publication should address at once for terms "World Publication Department."

THE IMPORTANCE OF CAUTIOUS ACTION.

The release of MORONEY and McDONALD, who for five days had been imprisoned on suspicion of being implicated in the Cronin murder, because, upon view they could not be identified, points a moral, that there is great need and merit in going slow in matters affecting the personal liberty of citizens.

Upon a vague hint of the possible connection of two men with a shocking crime, and without a scintilla of evidence of their guilt, they were thrown into prison. Immediately upon their arrest a requisition was made by the Governor of Illinois upon Gov. HILL for their extradition. To sustain this requisition no show of guilt was made, no indictment had been found and there was an utter absence of everything save flimsily founded suspicion.

At this juncture THE EVENING WORLD sounded a note of warning and insisted that these men had rights which must not be ruthlessly invaded. The Governor was urged to go slow, and before surrendering the suspects to insist upon the production of some tangible proofs of their criminal conduct. We did so. For his caution he was criticised in some quarters.

Now that the case against MORONEY and McDONALD has collapsed THE EVENING WORLD congratulates itself upon its sound position, and congratulates Gov. HILL upon his firm attitude in the matter.

THE SUBURBAN.

At length the day has arrived when the long-talked-of, heavily bet on and intrinsically interesting "Suburban" race will be run at Sheepshead. In one respect it is the event of the season. The purse for which the foot-footed racers will compete is not so unusually large, but the feverish interest in the event is caused by the long period during which bets have been made thereon, and the kaleidoscopic shifting of favorites. An immense amount of money will change hands when the result is announced.

With its characteristic enterprise THE EVENING WORLD will give the completest, most graphic, and entertaining account of the great sporting event.

AN UMPIRE COMMITS MURDER.

That a baseball umpire, that much-maligned, hooted at, badgered and threatened creature, could by any possibility ever resent the insults heaped upon him has, seemingly, never entered the minds of kicking players and howling partisans. That he can, however, has been demonstrated in a Tennessee town.

HALL, a pitcher, provoked by having balls called on him, left the box and engaged in a wordy altercation with Umpire STAPLES. In the heat of passion HALL called STAPLES a liar, whereupon STAPLES stabbed him to death.

The tragedy was a shocking one, but it may prove a salutary check upon the quarrelsome propensities of ball-players. The idea of an umpire with a knife in his boot and revolver strapped about him is one with great power to subdue manifestations of displeasure.

If these death-dealing implements are to become part of the umpire's equipment, ball fields will become places where invalids can go for absolute quiet.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

How to make executions execute in carrying out the death sentence upon murderers is becoming a vexed problem. Scientists insist that the electric method will not kill, and some eminent physicians are now hanging people for their health. Here's a state of things.

King Kalakaua is said to be displeased with the appointment of H. W. Severance as United States Consul at Honolulu. Severance once lived in the Hawaiian Islands, and it is probable that Kalakaua and he quarrelled over a poker game, or else Severance at some time refined the impetuous monarch a small loan.

James Dobbin's defence to his wife is something marvellous. Notwithstanding the fact that she cracked his skull, he refuses to prosecute her, because he thinks it isn't right for a man to appear against his own wife.

It is a cold day when the Chicago police do not locate the man who murdered Cronin. But it is a different man every day. As experts in the art of how not to do it commend us to the constabulary of Chicago.

The report that Sullivan has been drunk again is denied. We are glad to hear it. Anything for a change is welcome, and it's such a change to have Sullivan sober.

Harlem Sunday-School Outing.

The New York Presbyterian Church Sunday School will have its annual excursion next Monday. Boats will leave the foot of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, North River, at 9:30 and will take teachers and scholars on an enjoyable voyage to Palisade Grove.

CYCLONE, AH-OY!

Warning of a Rip Snorter That Has Just Left Florida.

Everything Is Lovely, but Sergt. Dunn Has His Fears.

We Have Succeeded in Shaking Old Humidity for a Few Days, They Say.

Sergt. Dunn evidently had the Suburban in his mind when he mixed to-day's dose of weather. It is cool, bright, fresh rearing weather. The Titania and Katrina will scoop a lot of it in to stiffen their sails with down the Bay and Terra Cotta and Roseland will run out their tongues into it when the jockeys crowd them under the wire.

"Fair, no rain, cool," That was the Sergeant's next bill for to-day.

But while we are having such a blooming time a cussed, cantankerous cyclone, with a kick to it like a double-decked mule, has been playing the deuce down around the lower Atlantic States.

It raised its head in Cuba on Sunday, and laughed at the idea of its being the day of rest. Then, with a snort, it kicked up its heels and capered right across the island like a two-year-old.

It skipped across to the Gulf, and the old boy around the eastern section of that body of water. It churned things up lively, but this was only whetting its teeth to bite better in more damnable spots.

After it had torn the Gulf up, it charged right across Florida with a whoop and a rush. It ripped up the poor little orange trees, tore the insides out of the groves and left a wasteland of ruin behind it like Bro. diguiganal bridled wreath. Then it departed, leaving a perfume like a holy memory behind it.

The cyclone hadn't begun to be winded yet. It had only loosened its joints. With another shriek like a bursting cannon it flung away from Florida out into the Atlantic.

A cyclone nearly always whisks around in this serpentine way. It is firing its tail this way it gets more of a slap at things it whacks.

Loats going out upon the "vasty deep" had better look out for his wind twister, which is just in the humor to pull the sheets to finders, snap the masts, rip the cordage asunder and making a wreck generally of a trim, neatly appointed craft.

As it is gaily lured around out at sea it will probably turn about and come booming into land again. It will strike the coast hard whenever it hits it, and does up to 50. So we are in for a comfortable day, and if the cyclone doesn't turn up everything will be lovely.

COBURN LOCKED UP AGAIN.

HE BLACKENS THE EYE OF A RESTAURANT WAITER HALF HIS SIZE.

Ordered a Meal, Ate It and Then Refused to Pay Except in Advance and Blows—His Excuse in Court is that the Coffee Was Bad—The Complainant Wants Blood and Coburn Is Held for Trial.

Joe Coburn, the retired prize-fighter and ex-convict, was brought to the Essex Market Police Court this morning charged with assaulting a waiter in a cheap eating-house on Third avenue.

Coburn has greatly changed in appearance during the last few years. In place of the fine clothing and showy diamonds he used to wear he wore a cheap suit of mixed goods and a dull, gold-plated pin.

He had a fashionable silk hat, however, and when he removed it his hair was neatly combed across the bald spot on his head, something after the style of the "little Judge" before whom he was brought.

Coburn was arrested last night. He cutered Flynn's coffee and cake shop in Tenth street, near the corner of Seventh street and Third avenue, and called for a light lunch.

He got it and was quietly making his exit when he was checked by a police officer.

He was slightly under the influence of liquor. The complaint at the station-house was that he struck the waiter in the face.

Police Officer Howard, of the Fourteenth Precinct, who was in the neighborhood, came up with the assistance of a brother officer landed the man of science in a cell in the Fifth street station.

"The complainant, Flynn, was in court. He is a little short man with a dark complexion. His right eye bore a beautiful mark of red, black and blue.

"What have you to say, Mr. Coburn?" asked Judge Duffy.

"Well, Judge, it's just this way. I went into his place last night and ordered coffee. I walked out and he made a row about my not paying," said Coburn.

"Well, it wasn't no good. I couldn't drink the stuff."

"You weren't because I wanted to 'skin' the man, you know, Judge, because a man like me wouldn't do that."

"He came out and called me a name, and I slapped him," said Coburn, in a contemptuous tone of voice.

"You are a man of science," said Judge Duffy, "why did you strike a man of his size?"

"I only used the palm of my hand, I didn't want to hurt him," whined Coburn.

"I'll let you off if you licked Sullivan," said the Judge, "but here you are again charged with striking a man half your size."

"He had no provocation, and I want him punished," said Flynn.

"Will you have me settle it here?" asked Justice Duffy.

"No, I want it to go down below," said Mr. Flynn.

The complainant was inexcusable and Justice Duffy held Coburn in \$300 bail for trial. He demanded a trial by jury.

INMATES TREATED WITH MURKIN'S TREATING CORPSE while teaching are not treated. Price 20 cents.

OUR BABIES' FUND.

Now Is the Time for That Corps of Free Physicians.

Johnstown Is Relieved and There Is Need for Charity at Home.

Send in Your Mite Towards Saving the Sick Children in the Tenements.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....\$100.00
Already acknowledged.....\$14.32
Bessie W. Myers & Co.....10.00
Through "A Teacher," for New York Presbyterian Sunday-school class.....5.00
P. through E. W. B.....2.00
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E. R. Armas......20

There are many demands upon the charity disposed just now, but no appeal is stronger or goes more directly to every heart than that in behalf of the sick children of the crowded tenement districts.

It is a tough heart indeed that feels no pang at the thought of these little sufferers coped up in noisome rooms, deprived of the soothing sunlight and stifled with impure air, unskillfully attended by kind but ignorant mothers because of the poverty which prevents them from obtaining the attendance of paid physicians and improperly and inadequately fed.

And this is why THE EVENING WORLD fund is started for defraying the expenses of a corps of energetic and enthusiastic physicians whose duty it shall be to hunt out and minister to these baby sick ones, suffering the ill and ailments of weather.

It should be borne in mind that the field is boundless, and that the larger the corps the more lives can be saved and the more suffering can be allayed.

The heated term is well started, and haste should be made by the contributors to contribute to this charity may do its work speedily and before it is too late.

There is room for more names on the list of the good, and every reader of THE EVENING WORLD can give his mite.

Help from Sunday-School Scholars.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

Inclosed find money I have collected for THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund.

The contributors were: Alexander Anderson, 50 cents; Robert Beverland, 50 cents; Robert McCord, 50 cents; Richard R. Davis, \$1.50. They are members of the New York Presbyterian Sunday-school class.

TRACHER,
235 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

From a Little Grammar School Girl.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

Inclosed you will find 25 cents for the benefit of the Babies' Fund, from a little schoolgirl of Grammar School No. 68.

AGNES BROGAN.

Two Little Contributors.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

We send you our savings, 25 cents, to help the sick babies. With best wishes, we remain yours truly.

EDDIE AND JENNIE STERN.

Sacrificed His Candy Fund.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

Instead of buying candy for my pennies, I saved them all up, until I saved 25 cents, which I wish to give towards the Sick Baby Fund. I hope I will soon be able to send you more.

MORRIS MEYER (aged eight),
207 East Forty-ninth street.

Even the Babies Join In.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

I am a baby not quite a year old, and as I sympathize with other babies, I send you all the money I have.

I hope I will do a little good towards the sick babies. Yours truly, META LONDON.

A DISASTROUS FLYING SWITCH.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

Brakeman Pleaver White Thrown and Killed at Bridgeport.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 18.—A flying switch was attempted this morning on the New York and New Haven tracks in this city, with disastrous results.

The safety switch was out of order and the signals failed to work.

When the train was in consequence, went flying down a spur track in the rear of Keefe's furniture factory, and broke the cars.

Pleaver White, a brakeman, was thrown up into the air, fell neck up on a flatbed car, his liver was cut out and found some distance from the body.

White belonged in Milford, Conn.

PENNSYLVANIA AND PROHIBITION.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

A Battle of Ballots Being Earnestly Waged To-Day.

PITTSBURGH, June 18.—The vote on the Prohibition amendment is going on through the State to-day and the result will be looked for with general interest.

James Palmer, of the State Prohibition Committee, published an estimate yesterday, in which he claimed the State for the cold water people by a majority of 20,000.

Here, in Pittsburgh, to-day, in the heart of the city, a very heavy vote is being cast, while in the outlying wards the vote is very light.

Fully 80 per cent of the voters all over the city bring their ballots with them already prepared.

Women are at nearly all the polling stations, working in the interest of the amendment.

Alleged Sharp Practice by a Policeman.
To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

David Seelig stood in front of his jewelry store, at No. 233 Bowery yesterday, when Policeman Charles Nell, in citizen's clothes, came along.

"Will you sell me a watch key?" asked Nell.

"I lost mine."

"The jeweler knew Nell and was anxious to oblige him. He fitted a key for the watch and Nell, after paying for it, said:

"Will you sell me a watch key?" asked the astonished jeweler.

"For breaking the Sabbath law," answered Nell.

At the Essex Market Police Court Seelig furnished bail for trial.

Vigor and Vitality
Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It is a blood purifier, enriches and carries health, instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are rounded and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves strengthened.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. 25¢ a box. Prepared only by C. C. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 BOTTLES ONE DOLLAR.

IS HE THE BURKE?

Chicago's Police Think So, but There Are Doubters.

He Has Secured Counsel and Will Resist Extradition.

Hopes and Conjectures About the Latest Suspect in the Cronin Case.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

CHICAGO, June 18.—The sensation of the day is still the arrest in Winnipeg, as told in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, of Martin Burke, alias Delany, who is said to be an accomplice, if not one of the principals in the Cronin murder.

It is now stated that Burke is the man for whom Moroney was arrested a few days ago, and that the arrest of the New York suspects was nothing more or less than a device to throw the reporters off the track while the real assassin was being pursued in Canada.

It is suspected, however, that the police say this merely to cover up the dizzle which they made in the New York cases.

Burke, it appears, has been shadowed for some time past by a Chicago detective. It was discovered that he was in this city at the time of the murder of Dr. Cronin, and that his movements for several days after were very suspicious.

The Burke that is wanted, should this prove to be the man, is a hot-headed young Irishman about twenty-eight years old, and just the sort of person who would be selected to execute a job like the removal of a suspected spy or traitor.

He has a fanatical devotion to the Irish cause and is a member of the Clan-na-Gael. He was born in Ireland and has only been in this country three years, but he is known in Chicago as a desperate fellow and a dead beat.

He was accompanied with Senior Guardian Beggs of the notorious Camp No. 20 of the Clan-na-Gael and through him got a position in the Sewer Department of the city, but he was discharged about four months ago for being intoxicated.

He left Chicago the day after Dr. Cronin's funeral.

There are so many contradictory stories about him that it is difficult to get a clear idea of the man, but it is believed that he is a very dangerous fellow.

It is now believed by most people that the police have really got the man they want. They have loved up so many false clues, particularly the one of W. J. Wolf, by which a very little confidence is now placed in the tips given by the horse-thief.

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